

Gus Backus

"Stray Bullet"

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Verse One: Pharoahe Monche

Let the trigger finger put the pressure to the
mechanism
Which gives a response, for the automatic *bang*
Clip to release projectiles in single
file forcing me to ignite then travel
through the barrel, headed for the light
At the end of a tunnel, with no specific target in sight
Slow the flow like H2O water
Visualize, the scene of a homicide, a slaughter
No remorse for the course I take when you pull it
The result's a stray bullet
Niggaz who knew hit the ground runnin and stay down
Except for the kids who played on the playground
Cause for some little girl she'll never see
more than six years of life, trif-le-ing
When she fell from the seesaw
But umm wait, my course isn't over
Fled out of the other side of her head towards
a red, Range, Rover, then I ricochet
Fast past a brother's ass, oh damn, what that nigga say
"Aww fuck it", next target's Margaret's face *bang*
and I struck it
Now it's a flood of blood in circumfrence to her face
and an abundance of brains all over the street
Shame how we had to meet *bang*
Dashin, buckin, greet by fuckin family
They follow behind me in a orderly fashion
Bashin through flesh I'm wild
Crashin through the doors of projects hallways
to deflect off of the tile
I'm coming for you little girl
Once inside I shatter your world
Swirl, no more dreams no hopes when I spray
You better pray, to the Pope or the Vatican
Before I go rat-tat-a-tat again
I'm mad again brother somebody's mother will be sad
again
but, whose blue skies will turn grey
from the attack, of the Mac-11, I'm a stray, bullet

[Nobody seen shit, nobody heard it -- 4X]

Verse Two: Prince Poetry

Gun balls of fire, I'm travelling at higher speeds
to proceed to penetrate flesh, hitting the splint
after splitting the chest of a Queens fiend
Age of pagers shredded to pieces from the Glock 9
and it's hollow tips, it releases the polices
in back of the ambulance
Blood loss as I shift across your chest
Arrest, rupture, I mess up ya, slasher
shall I bust ya liver, faster, blood pours *bang*
Now it's up to the master, boom, as I crash open the
doors
Thank me for spraying the operating room
The body still consumes me, doc had to remove me
Mmm lord, why do they use me? *bang*
I'm takin individual for keeps Hobbes
so peep the cops, in the ghetto bustin shots for props
And when I hit, shit *bang bang bang bang*
Soon you forgets-me-not
Cops tried to explain to his pops what I done
I flip up the hollow tipper and I'm not the one
And as a human I'm the surprising one
Prince Po I flow the ripper, either way
you never, ever know how I'm coming
Metamorphasizing, rising in turbulence
Condensed into a bullet, pull it, now I'm making moves
With no sympathizing, uhh, so take a hit nigga, sprint
bang
Onto the scenario, I'm at a party with O
A lot of honies parlay and the DJ's playin the Fudge
Pudge flow
Five niggaz come up in the club for a rub
[Yo O peep it, oh shit O duck (oh shit!, oh shit!)]
pop pop pop pop pop *woman screams*]
Another hit, another struck
Here comes Mr. Stray Bullet
Five, the tip, getting my jollies from the screams of the
ripped
in your chest, then I flip
Nip your liver, blood flowin like a river
Money starts to shiver then I give a delivery of burns
Bruises fake shoes is your renaissance
No response your moms is out cold
Figure I'm bigger takin your heart nigga at twenty years
old
Stray Bullet

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